

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 31

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)

Looking at Zac's back as he strode into the bathroom, Patricia thought to herself that he must have gone crazy.

There was no other explanation for this unexpected change in his personality.

After all, if he was plotting something, he would have simply threatened her to get his way.

So, how could she possibly conceive that he was taking care of her out of the kindness of his heart? She snapped out of her momentary daze as Zac returned with a basin of water in one hand and her personal hygiene products in the other.

He squeezed the toothpaste onto her toothbrush and handed it over to her, along with the tooth cup.

He then fetched the spittoon and held it for her while she brushed her teeth.

This took Patricia by surprise.

So astonished was she by this gesture that she just sat there holding onto her toothbrush and cup without moving.

To think the president of Reynolds Group was actually serving someone he didn't even want to look at! If word of this spread, everyone would be shocked! But this would only make her the center of attention.

Staring blankly at Zac in front of her, she racked her brain in an attempt to figure out what his scheme could be.

Just as she was starting to become confused by all the thoughts running through her head, Zac, having run out of patience, gritted his teeth and growled, "Patricia, why don't you start brushing your teeth? Hurry up!"

"Okay!" she responded and began to brush her teeth.

Anyway, she had the worst result now.

So, no matter what happened, she figured she couldn't feel any worse than she currently did. And since Zac was so willing to pretend to be nice to her, she wouldn't refuse his help.

Besides, she was now a patient and did, in fact, need someone to take care of her.

And if Zac was willing to take up the mantle, then so be it.

As for what Zac was plotting, she decided not to think too much about it and simply act accordingly due to the changing circumstances.

While Zac was tending to her, she suddenly felt the urge to play a trick on him.

She deliberately slowed her movements, and instead of finishing in three minutes, she ended up spending five minutes brushing her teeth.

Finally, under Zac's watchful gaze, she rinsed her mouth, put her toothbrush into the cup, and handed it to him. It was when Patricia was so readily handing him her things that he noticed she was enjoying herself.

The thought of her being insatiable made him irritable.

However, since she had received the abortion because of him, he didn't want to needlessly argue with her for the time being! Of course, Patricia noticed the discontented expression on Zac's face.

She appreciated what he was doing for her.

She did, in fact, need someone to take care of her, and since she didn't want Giselle to worry about her, Zac was the obvious choice.

Zac handed her a dry towel, but she refused it.

She suddenly collapsed onto the bed.

"I feel exhausted and dizzy," she murmured.

Zac became irate upon hearing her say this because he was sure that she was doing this on purpose now.

She just wanted to take this opportunity to make things difficult for him! He speculated that since she wanted his assistance, he would lend her a hand.

This was, after all, a golden opportunity to flirt with her, so why not? If Patricia knew what was on Zac's mind, she would be so enraged that she would slap him.

But that depends on whether she could be able to reach his face under the circumstances.

Armed with the towel, he wiped her soft hand roughly, but he then slowed his pace.

He immediately regretted what he'd done after seeing how red her skin had gotten.

He didn't think he was such a narrow-minded person, and he certainly wasn't the type of person that would let others get away even with a hostile look.

Nevertheless, in front of Patricia, he always seemed to act against his better judgment.

How could she always make him so impulsive? After wiping her hands and face, Zac had finished what he set out to do.

But he didn't leave until he helped Patricia have breakfast.

Looking at his retreating back, she felt a surge of pleasure pulsating through her heart.

Who would have guessed getting even with others could be so blissful? It was no wonder now why so many people killed others for revenge! Because Zac had spent the whole day with her yesterday, he had a pile of tasks awaiting his attention at the office, which was why he had to go to the company today.

Not only did he need to complete his workload, but he also needed to handle the issue that occurred yesterday.

It was already half-past eight when he walked into the company.

[In the president's office.]

"Mr. Reynolds, I've figured out that it was Yolanda and Lyndsy behind it. They found the paparazzo we bought off before and gave him a wad of cash. He then sold the report to someone else, and that person posted it on the website, so..." the female secretary reported gingerly as she stood aside respectfully.

"Okay!"

With his head down, Zac quickly leafed through the documents in his hand before typing away on his laptop with his slender fingers.

"It's been handled, though. Such a thing won't happen again!"

the female secretary added when she realized Zac was ignoring her.

"You can leave now!"

Zac looked up at the secretary briefly before continuing his work.

Relieved, his secretary turned around and briskly walked to the door.

Just before reaching the door, however, she heard Zac's voice.

Pausing, she heard him say, "Order something healthy for lunch, and remind me at eleven- thirty."

As perplexed as she was by his orders, she still managed to nod before exiting the office. Once out, she breathed a sigh of relief.

She made her way over to her workstation and quickly jotted down what Zac had told her into a notebook.

Just as she finished making her notes, she noticed a familiar figure approaching her.

The woman advancing on her wore a pure white dress and coquettish makeup, which didn't match the white dress at all.

Basically, the makeup was overkill, so it didn't compliment the dress she had chosen to wear.

She slowly made her way towards the secretary, a strong stench of perfume surrounding her.

The secretary frowned and almost vomited because of the strong scent of the perfume being emitted.

Eyeing Lyndsy as she neared her, she decided to play a trick on her.

"Miss Sandra, is Zac here?"

Lyndsy asked elegantly, walking over to Sandra's side.

She had a smile plastered on her face that she evidently thought made her look attractive.

"He is in his office. If you want to see him, I can contact him for you!"

Sandra picked up her phone on the table and pretended to make the call.

"No, thanks. I'll go look for him in person!"

Lyndsy uttered excitedly, stopping Sandra in her tracks by grabbing her hand. She had dressed up today in order to surprise Zac.

If he was notified of her presence, the effect wouldn't be the same when he saw her.

"Miss Sampson, your makeup is especially beautiful today. I think if your lips were a tinge redder, you would look even more dazzling!" Sandra said in a sincere tone.

"Really?"

Hearing those words, Lyndsy took out her cosmetic mirror from her bag and observed her makeup with confidence.

“Your white dress accentuates your fair skin. You should take advantage of this!”

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 32

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)

Sandra’s voice was dripping with envy as she said this while pointing at Lyndsy’s dress.

Hearing the words of this evidently jealous woman, Lyndsy believed what she said.

After giving Sandra a contemptuous look, she withdrew a dark red lipstick from her handbag and applied another layer to her already red lips.

After she was finished touching up her make-up, she sauntered over to the CEO’s office, swaying her not-so- slim waist as she walked.

A triumphant smile tugged at the corners of Sandra’s lips as she watched Lyndsy make her way to the CEO’s office.

She couldn’t help but think, ‘Don’t rejoice just yet.

You wouldn’t be laughing for a while after this!’ Sandra then picked up the telephone and dialed the extension to the CEO’s office.

When he answered, she anxiously said, “Sir, Lyndsy broke in!”

Hearing the “Hmm” on the other end of the line, she smiled and hung up.

Raising a peace sign, she silently shouted, ‘Ha!’ As she saw Lyndsy turn the corner, she disdainfully thought, ‘I really don’t know who this woman thinks she is or why she believes she is such a great catch! But knowing that he’s married, how could she still want to be with her brother-in-law?’ In Sandra’s eyes, Patricia was the ideal match for the CEO.

She may have only met the woman once, but that one time left such a deep impression on her that she couldn’t help thinking this way.

She could still vividly recall meeting Patricia when she attended the CEO’s wedding.

At that time, the CEO, Zac, was by no means a significant person in the city, and he was not valued by his family.

And she was forced by her friend to attend his wedding.

Now, before the wedding had commenced, she had gotten lost within the big hotel.

This was when she had accidentally run into Patricia, a glass of wine in hand.

Of course, the run-in had led to her sprinkling Patricia's dress with her wine, and blotches of the red drink could be seen scattered over her clothing.

This scared her senseless because she had heard that this was the latest style in Paris, which meant it was too expensive for her to afford a replacement.

And even if she could incur the cost, the wedding ceremony was set to begin shortly.

Where could she possibly find a dress worth the same value in such a short time? Furthermore, these wedding dresses from Paris were all limited editions, so even if one had the money, there was still no guarantee that one could get their hands on such a dress.

After the damage was done, Patricia made a U-turn and went straight back to her dressing room.

Without uttering a word, she began rummaging through her bag while Sandra remained there, shaken up by the ordeal.

At that time, Sandra was just an ordinary employee with limited income.

She was so afraid of the consequences of her mishap that she kept apologizing to Patricia.

In fact, she had given up all hope of being let off the hook for this mistake because there was a rumor floating around that the eldest daughter of the Sampson family was unruly and stubborn.

But to her surprise, instead of blaming her, Patricia comforted her by saying, "It's alright.

It's only a dress, isn't it? Besides, I have a solution, but I'll need your help."

As Patricia spoke, she extracted three bottles of nail polish from her bag, one pink, one dark red, and one dark green.

"Aha, I finally found them!" she exclaimed.

She sat down on the chair and beckoned Sandra closer.

"Come over here and help me out."

Although she had no idea what Patricia required of her, she still walked over to her obediently and crouched down beside her on the ground.

“Help me unravel the wet dress,”

Patricia instructed Sandra as she unscrewed the lids of the nail polish bottles.

With trembling hands, Sandra spread out the wedding dress and awaited further directions.

Unexpectedly, Patricia saw right through her discomfort and reassured her by saying, “Don’t worry. I have a way to fix this.”

Sandra’s eyes burned her, but she nodded immediately.

She felt grief-stricken, not because Patricia hadn’t asked her to compensate for the wedding dress, but because she took it upon herself to comfort and console her instead.

She hadn’t expected this reaction from Patricia.

She had expected her to throw blame and demand reparation.

While Sandra remained flabbergasted about the whole situation, Patricia made quick work of her hands and applied streaks of nail polish to the dress.

Sandra was so astonished by Patricia’s graceful movements that she couldn’t hide her surprised expression.

In under ten minutes, the stained wedding dress was transformed.

The red wine stains became the picture of a lotus pond by moonlight.

The sight was so fascinating that Sandra became mesmerized.

‘Wasn’t the eldest daughter of the Sampson family supposed to be unruly and talent-less? Wasn’t she only relying on her family’s influence to get by?’ But the woman in front of her was anything but that.

She seemed like a pure soul, making those around her instantly comfortable.

“Don’t just stand still now. I’ve done the hard part, but it hasn’t dried yet. Find something that can be used to fan it dry. Quickly! We don’t have much time left.”

Patricia prompted the stunned Sandra into action.

“Okay, okay! I’m on it,”

Sandra replied and searched the room.

Finally, she found a book and returned to Patricia's side, where she began fanning the dress.

The wedding dress was dried in the nick of time before the ceremony started.

However, before entering the wedding hall, Patricia said to Sandra, "Today's events are only known to you and me. Don't tell anyone else. Even your friend can't know about it, got it?"

Patricia left, but Sandra remained behind, lost in thought.

It wasn't till her friend found her after the wedding had ended that she left the room.

Later, she learned that the wedding dress was brought from Europe by Zac at the cost of three million Euros.

Because of the damage that was done to it, Patricia was severely scolded by Zac afterward.

Consequently, the Reynolds family shunned her as well.

Never mind that the painting she made was exquisite! That's when it dawned on Sandra why Patricia had requested they keep it a secret among themselves.

Patricia wanted to protect her from the backlash she would have received had it been known that she was the culprit.

As a result, Patricia silently bore the full blame by herself.

That was why she hesitated and felt guilty when the CEO asked her to fabricate lies stating that something was wrong with Patricia's lifestyle.

'Alas! Patricia, are you still okay even now?' whispered Sandra sadly to herself as she recalled what had transpired three years ago.

When Lyndsy arrived at the CEO's office's door, she just pushed it open and walked right in instead of knocking.

However, to her surprise, it was an ashtray that greeted her.

The ashtray hit her directly in the forehead, causing blood to flow down her cheek.

"Ahhhh..."

Screaming, Lyndsy covered her forehead in horror and looked at Zac in disbelief.

She couldn't believe that her beloved Zac would treat her like this! But Zac didn't even raise his head to look at her.

He was busy reading the documents in his hand, and he said coldly, "You entered my room without so much as a knock at the door. Don't you even have basic manners? Get out!"

"Zac!"

Lyndsy covered her forehead and cried out in pain, an aggrieved expression plastered on her face.

Little did she know that her distressed facial expression looked peculiar under all the blood masking her face.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 33

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)
However, Zac still didn't raise his head.

Instead, he said in a harsher tone, "Get out!"

This was the first time that Lyndsy had been treated so poorly.

Unable to bear this anymore, she turned around and ran out of the office.

After she left, Zac slowly raised his head and thought, 'Since you hurt Patricia through the atrocious acts you've committed, I'll make you pay for what you've done! I hope you're ready to face the fire!' Lyndsy covered her bleeding forehead and ambled out of the office.

However, the blood kept flowing down the corner of her face as if it had a mind of its own.

Soon, her eyes were filled with blood, blurring her vision.

This caused her to stumble and fall down.

"Ahhh!"

Her scream attracted the attention of the employees working nearby.

They all took in the sight of her fallen figure.

Seeing her in this compromising state, with blood covering her face, they began whispering among themselves.

Some even had the audacity to laugh, "Hahaha!"

A burst of contemptuous laughter reached her ears.

She wanted so badly to see who dared laugh at her, but with her vision blurred by the bright red blood, she couldn't discern who was mocking her.

As she rose from the ground, her mind immediately ran on Sandra, whom she'd just spoken to.

"Miss Sandra..." she shouted.

However, instead of hearing Sandra's voice, she was greeted by the laughter of the crowd that had gathered to watch this spectacle.

She started to become anxious.

She knew that she needed to go to the hospital as soon as possible.

If she kept losing blood, she could die! Yesterday, she had split Patricia's forehead with an astray.

Today, Zac had done the same thing to her.

Evil was rewarded with evil! Suddenly, she heard a magnetic male voice over the laughter of the crowd.

"Miss Sampson?"

Lyndsy immediately recognized the voice of Kareem Reynolds.

Although she was a little taken aback, she thought that it made sense that he would be at the company since he was also a son of the Reynolds family.

At that point, it didn't matter who he was as long as he could help her now!
"Kareem, my forehead is injured. Could you please take me to the hospital?"

Lyndsy, who couldn't see him clearly, looked in the general direction of his voice, hoping that Kareem would help her.

Donning a smile, she spoke to him while she wiped the blood from the corner of her eyes.

Little did she know that the white of her foundation was now caked with blood, turning what she thought was an attractive smile into a terrifying one.

As soon as Kareem was about to ask about her injury, he heard her scream out. As it so happened, upon finishing her plea for help, she moved to rise but instead stumbled and fell once again.

Although she wasn't hurt by the fall, she became even more depressed because of the humiliation she felt.

Frowning slightly, a trace of disgust flashed across Kareem's face before disappearing, lest someone should notice it.

He paused for a moment.

Upon seeing Lyndsy struggle to get up, he hurriedly made his way to her side and helped her up by taking her arm.

Concerned, he asked, "What's wrong, Miss Sampson? How did you get this severe injury on your forehead?"

"Zac...It's nothing, Kareem.I just can't see clearly right now.Could you take me to the hospital?"

The moment Lyndsy mentioned Zac, it occurred to her that she shouldn't mention him whatsoever, so she changed the topic.

However, Kareem had heard her clearly.

It wasn't hard for him to piece things together after that.

"Okay!" he said without hesitation, and taking her by the hand, he supported her as they made their way forward.

He was interested in anyone or anything related to Zac.

He didn't mind the difficulties that came with solving Zac's problems.

He left, together with Lyndsy, and headed to the hospital.

The employees who witnessed this farce stood to view the receding figures of Kareem and Lyndsy.

Their hushed voices could once again be heard.

"Miss Sampson is really something!"

"Yes, dealing with her sister is no walk in the park.Her sister's matter is still up in the air, but here she is, doing such a thing..."

"How could the members of the Sampson family behave like this?"

"I think they are just interested in Mr.Reynolds's money..."

"I agree with you. Such women are despicable! It would be better if he wasn't together with her..."

When Sandra heard the discussion among the crowd, she got a bit annoyed.

Standing up, she shouted to the group, "Have you all finished your work? Or is it necessary for you to worry about the president's family affairs?"

Hearing Sandra's words, everyone scattered, returning to their desks.

They began to work diligently with lowered heads, and silence could be heard in the office once more.

Sandra sat down, but her mind kept straying.

She was worried about Patricia's situation, unaware of how her circumstances were currently like.

Patricia was, after all, divorced and her reputation ruined.

No matter how strong-minded she was, she wouldn't be able to bear it alone! But what the lawyer said after he came back to the company that day made her form a whole new impression of Patricia.

She remembered that when the lawyer came back, he had sat on the chair and just shook his head constantly as if to dismiss his thoughts.

Out of curiosity, she went forward to ask what had happened.

"To my surprise, Miss Sampson didn't want anything and signed the divorce agreement without hesitation. I've never seen such a silly woman. She must be insane!"

The lawyer's words surprised Sandra.

After three years of marriage, did Patricia really want nothing? Was she really going to give up all her property like this? Sandra knew that Patricia had her own job and could support herself.

But if another woman was in her shoes, they would never have refused any property or money they were about to be paid out.

Moreover, Zac was the richest man in the city!

"Are you serious?"

Unable to believe this, she had to ask the lawyer once again.

"Yes! If you don't believe me, have a look at this!"

The lawyer took out the divorce agreement from his briefcase and put it on the table in front of himself.

Sandra picked up the agreement and read it through carefully.

The alimony proposed by Zac was nothing to him, but for a woman, even if she did nothing for the rest of her life, with what Zac was offering her, she would not have to worry about food and clothing for a lifetime.

It could even be said that she could live quite a luxurious life.

When Sandra saw Patricia's signature on the agreement, she was really shocked. Patricia indeed didn't take anything from Zac!

"Sure enough, she would do such a thing!"

Sandra whispered with a hint of admiration in her voice, but she was still worried about Patricia.

"I've been wondering why Mr. Reynolds would ask me to take the same document and let Miss Sampson sign it again since he had already asked her to sign the agreement before."

The lawyer drew up the divorce agreement and gave it to Zac.

But later on, Zac had asked him to make a copy of the contract and give it to Patricia for her signature.

Although he was confused, he could only do as he was told.

"Of course, he has his own reasons for doing so. Now that you have finished your work, you should give the agreement to him as soon as possible! Don't overthink such matters. After all, you would never be able to figure him out,"

Sandra said flatly as she handed the agreement back to the lawyer.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 34

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)

It took her a while, but it dawned on Sandra why their CEO requested the lawyer present a copy of the divorce contract to Patricia to sign as well.

It was simply because he wanted to do right by his ex-wife, so he planned on leaving some properties in her name and writing it off as compensation. It became more apparent by the day that the CEO had feelings for Patricia, even if he didn't realize them yet.

Sandra saw it when he instigated her to promote his relationship with Lyndsy to see how Patricia would react.

Yesterday's events, whereby he had gotten furious after what had happened to Patricia, was another obvious indicator. What was more, Patricia was such a kind, stubborn, and proud person.

Even if it meant being homeless, she would never accept any kindness from the CEO.

I And now that she had lost her husband, what good would it do to take his money now? Besides, she could earn her own money and support herself without his help.

Deliberating on this, Sandra felt guilty again, and in her heart, she whispered, 'Miss Su, I'm sorry! I hope you don't blame me for what I've done!' At noon, in the hospital, having been lying on the bed for the whole morning, Patricia became dispirited.

Except for the sound of the TV in the ward, almost no one came into the ward, not even a nurse.

"Damn it! What's going on here?"

feeling annoyed, she cursed in a low voice.

Since her divorce, she noticed that she'd become more irritable and swore more often.

This version of herself wasn't someone that she like being.

"Growls..."

Her stomach started rumbling again.

Patricia touched her belly helplessly and sighed.

Turning her head towards the clock on the wall, she noticed that it was already twelve o'clock.

No wonder she felt hungry! She slowly sat up and put on her shoes.

Intending to get food, she slowly hoisted herself off the bed.

However, from the moment she stood up, she felt dizzy and fell to the ground.

Just as she shut her eyes in anticipation of the sharp fall to the ground, she felt herself pressed against something soft.

When she opened her eyes, she realized she was in someone's arms.

As she turned and was about to say: thanks, she bit back her words when she discovered who had broken her fall. She rolled her beautiful eyes and looked at him piercingly.

Impatiently, she said, "What are you doing here again?"

As she spoke, she removed herself from Zac's arms and sat on the bed. She donned an expressionless mask as she looked everywhere by at Zac.

Of course, the person who had caught her had to be Zac! He had reminded his secretary to buzz him at half past eleven and order take-out that he could bring over to Patricia.

Consequently, as he opened the door to her ward, he saw her about to fall on the ground.

This sight prompted him to rescue her from further injury. He hadn't expected that she would be furious about this save. What did he do wrong besides helping her?

Nevertheless, he didn't want to pointlessly argue with her, not after the termination of a life before it could see the light of day.

Zac raised the food in his hand and said coldly, "I'm here to bring you food!"

After saying that, he walked to the table, placed the food on it, and began to repeat what he had done that morning.

He wiped her hands and face and then set up the bed table.

He put the food on the table, and moved it to the front of Patricia.

"Let's eat!"

Zac sat down and handed her a pair of chopsticks before picking up one for himself to eat with.

Patricia couldn't hide the look of surprise written all over her face.

Her hand holding the chopsticks had frozen mid-air as she forgot momentarily about eating.

'What was wrong with this man? Wasn't he a neat freak? Didn't he never want to have meals with me before? Did his head get kicked by a donkey today? No, there were no donkeys in the city! Maybe he had squeezed his head in the door? Yes, that had to be it!' Seeing how Patricia was focused on him instead of eating, Zac realized he needed to do something to get her to eat.

In an aloof tone, he said, "I rushed over from the company, so I didn't have time to eat. And there's enough in here for the two of us!"

Hearing Zac's words, Patricia looked at him in contempt.

It appeared that he had come here to scrounge free meals off her. She had briefly forgotten that the food she was about to eat was bought by Zac.

Even the hospital fees for her stay were covered by him! Without saying another word, Patricia began to eat.

She picked up anything that Zac laid his eyes on, making her look like a food snatcher! Zachary had intended to have some eggplant, but Patricia had intentionally grabbed up the piece he was eyeing.

Leaving him with no other choice, he turned his attention to the braised pork.

But before his chopsticks could touch the braised pork, she had snatched up a slice and placed it into her bowl.

Munching away with gusto, she praised the pork by saying, "This is delicious!"

The corners of Zac's mouth twitched.

He glanced at her coldly, but she showed no fear of him.

She glared right back at him with her beautiful, clear eyes, and a smug smile appeared on her face.

She raised her eyebrows at Zac complacently, and the innocence in her eyes was replaced by defiance and confidence.

Patricia's head was still wrapped in a bandage, and she looked a little pale.

But, at that moment, with her easy-going smile and provocative eyes, Zac suddenly felt that, in fact, she was quite lovely! If Sandra was there and learned what was on his mind, she would definitely curl her lips in disdain.

She knew that the CEO was a masochist! He liked to be abused, especially by his ex-wife! Of course, even if she was aware of this, she would not say it out loud.

She even felt that her boss needed to have someone teach him a lesson so that he would know how it felt to be beaten.

At this moment, Patricia was in a very good mood.

In the past, Zac had refused to have meals with her and always came up with an excuse to skip eating together.

So, whenever he left after doing this, she couldn't help but feel dejected at never having shared a meal with her husband.

Now, she could finally have fun and exact some revenge on Zac for all the suffering she experienced over those three years.

As she thought of this, the conceited smile on her face became more evident.

She swore to herself that she would keep this energy going and continue to provoke him.

This thought made her secretly happy.

However, Zac wasn't planning on sitting idly and began thinking of ways to handle her trickery.

Ignoring her provocation, he reached for the eggplant again.

Seeing that Zac was going for the eggplant again, Patricia rushed in with her chopsticks and snagged the piece he was eyeing.

As soon as this happened, Zac quickly maneuvered his chopsticks over to the braised pork in the nearby lunchbox, picked it up and stuffed it in his mouth.

Pleased with himself, he chewed on his meal while eyeing her with a smug expression on his face.

It was as if to say, 'You can try to stop me from eating, but I wouldn't fold!' Seeing that Zac managed to get some food, Patricia became glum and ashamed! Placing the eggplant in her mouth, she chewed on it savagely, as if chewing Zac's meat flesh.

This image helped her quell her anger.

Finally, she finished chewing the eggplant.

She hit the table with the chopsticks and pointed a white and slender finger at Zac's nose.

She angrily criticized, "You tricked me!"

Zac, satisfied with her reaction, arrogantly arched an eyebrow and whistled at her while feigning innocence.

Patricia wanted to wipe that expression off his face!

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 35

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)

Seeing that Patricia was about to run out of patience, Zac said with a smile, "Don't you know that there is always deception in war?"

"Well..."

Looking at Zac's handsome face, a tinge of bitterness settled in her heart. He was absolutely correct.

War did beget deception.

And she had already been defeated by him.

Hadn't she? Growing up, she had always heard that when two people were in a relationship, the one who gave their heart first lost the race.

If so, then she was the loser in this game called love.

And although she didn't want to be like this, she couldn't change the fact that she had given her heart to Zac at the tender age of six when he had saved her life.

Now, she wanted nothing more than to retrieve her heart; she just didn't know when that would happen.

After Zac's statement and her train of thought, Patricia's mood suddenly changed.

This left Zac confused and wondering what had caused this shift in her temperament.

'Wasn't she just provoking me and backing me into a corner? Women really are complicated! It is so hard to guess what they are thinking!' Well, he didn't want to guess! And given that he still had a heavy workload awaiting him back at the office, he decided to finish eating quickly so he could return.

Having made up his mind, Zac continued eating.

Patricia, who was now in a foul mood, became more irritable when she saw Zac happily eating his meal.

Annoyed, she picked back up her chopsticks and began eating again.

So...

The battle for the food continued.

Faster and faster, they continued to snatch food off the plate until they started grabbing the plates directly.

In no time, all the food had been devoured.

Tenderly patting her stomach, Patricia thought to herself, 'Oh no, I can't believe I've over-eaten!' So, on the one hand, Patricia was in a bad mood, but on the other, there was Zac, sitting there thinking, 'I can't believe that I was provoked by this woman and ended up eating so much!' Strangely enough, he had enjoyed eating in such a manner.

"Now that we have finished eating, you can leave now!"

Patricia said coldly, glancing at Zac, who had packed up the now empty dishes but made no attempt to leave her side.

Upon hearing her remark, Zac silently picked up the bag, turned around, and walked toward the door.

Just before reaching the door, he spun around and faced her.

"After you're discharged from the hospital, go directly to the Oakleaf Villa. You are to stay there from now on, as there's no going back to the Sampson family. As for the matter of the Sampson family, leave it all to me. I don't want you interfering!"

When Patricia heard this, she instantly became confused, wondering what he could have meant by those words! What was he implying when he said she couldn't return to the Sampson family house? And what did he mean when he stated that she should not interfere in the affairs of the Sampson family? That was her home.

Her grandfather had protected it with his life.

So, why couldn't she go back! What exactly had he done to the Sampson family? With a heavy heart, she was about to question him on what he'd just said to her, but he cut her off by saying, "I'll be here by dinner. Wait for me."

After saying that, Zac rubbed his nose and disappeared from the room as if fleeing from her.

After Zac left, Patricia's mind was in a state of frenzy.

What did Zac mean just now? What on earth did he do to the Sampson family? These thoughts kept running through her mind, but Patricia had no idea what Zac's intentions were towards her family.

Well, forget it! Even if Zac was planning to do something, she had no way of currently stopping him.

And even if she went there, her presence would only cause more trouble. Moreover, some people didn't want her coming back to the Sampson family house again! But, despite knowing this, she still couldn't help anguish over this thought, which placed her in a melancholy mood.

Feeling like this was only human nature, more so for those with a kind heart.

Such persons couldn't help but treat others with compassion, even after being hurt time and again by those same individuals.

In fact, those kindhearted people didn't want to believe that their graciousness and tolerance would make them easy targets for others.

In actuality, this led others to believe they were too naive, and this opened them up to worse bullying and other opportunities to be hurt by others taking advantage of them.

That afternoon, as Zac had promised, he showed up, with food in tow.

To Patricia, it felt like a repeat of their lunch.

Zac had unpacked their meals, cleaned her hands and face and then seated himself opposite her.

"Let's eat!"

Zac's words were still as cold as ever.

But what he really wanted to say was, 'Let the competition begin!' He couldn't say this out loud, but he was looking forward to seeing Patricia re-challenge him for the food in front of them, as she had done during lunch.

He seemed to enjoy the feeling of vying with her for the food.

But to his dismay, she simply poked at the food with her chopsticks without eating anything. He figured something must be on her mind bothering her.

"You should eat something. You haven't fully recovered yet, so the more nutritious food you can eat, the better!" Zac said, and placed a piece of braised pork into her bowl.

Taking in his actions and words of concern, Patricia thought now might be the best time to have a proper conversation with Zac.

Putting down her chopsticks, she looked at Zac.

Her eyes shone bright, but hidden behind them was a well of anxiety.

Seeing her like this, Zac knew that Patricia had something to say to him.

He put down his chopsticks, looked at her indifferently before he asked, "Is there something you want to say to me?"

Feeling a little embarrassed, Patricia touched her nose and thought, 'Was I so obvious?'

When Patricia continued to remain silent, Zac prompted her by saying, "Even if you can't say it now, you can always tell me in the future. But at that time, I may not be patient enough to sit and listen to what you have to say!"

'Damn it! This bastard is threatening me again!' Although she cursed Zac in her heart, she suppressed her anger and closed her eyes tightly while she composed herself.

When she re-opened her eyes, she was calm, once again.

"Zac, as you wished, I agreed to our divorce. And as you requested, I had an abortion! Now, we have nothing tying us together anymore. Going forward, I do not want you interfering in my life. I want to live for myself in the future, which means I can't have you there affecting my every decision. Although I can tell that some of your actions are sincere, I cannot accept this kindness from you."

As Zac's expression hadn't changed nor had he lost his temper with her, she felt like she could continue.

"With regards to the Sampson family, they are still my family, and I will continue to protect them, like my grandfather before me. So, I hope you wouldn't do anything that could hurt my family."

"Even after they've treated you like this, you'll still protect them?"

After hearing what Patricia had to say, Zac felt heartbroken.

'How could she act so ungrateful after everything I've done for her!'

"Yes"

Patricia answered firmly, the determination evident in her eyes.

Hearing her affirmative answer, Zac became furious.

Did she not know that she would have died had he not taken her away that day? She couldn't be so naive to think that the Sampson family would care about her life and would just let her go that easily? Even after all those things that Lyndsy had done to her, Sullivan didn't stop.

Since then, Zac knew that in their eyes, Patricia's life meant nothing! « But this stupid woman couldn't even understand this! Zac really didn't know how she had survived in that household throughout her time there.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 36

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)

Patricia should feel grateful that she wasn't killed while in the Sampson family home!

"Okay, I promise!"

Zac calmly stated as he managed to keep his anger in check.

"Really?"

Upon hearing Zac's words, relief washed over Patricia.

No longer bearing a heavy heart, she could feel her gloomy mood disappear.

However, Zac's following words sent her straight back into a depressive state.

"But on one condition. You must move out of the Sampson family home and live in the Oakleaf Villa," declared Zac. The harshness of his voice startled Patricia. If someone had intentions of harming Patricia, they would have a more challenging time accomplishing this task if she no longer resided with the Sampson family. At that time, Zac didn't know why he was hell-bent on keeping her safe. All he knew was that he couldn't bear seeing her suffer! "Why? Why must I live in the Oakleaf Villa?"

No matter how patient she was, she couldn't bear being tricked like this by Zac.

Hastily standing, she pointed at Zac's face, and forgetting to be graceful, she scolded Zac by saying, "Zac, what the hell do you mean? You didn't ask me to live in the Oakleaf Villa before we got divorced, but now you want to force me to live here? Are you insane? Are you trying to fool me this time?"

When Zac heard that, his eyes shone with excitement.

He felt the corners of his lips curl as he said, "Are you accusing me of being too indifferent to you in the past?"

Patricia, surprised at his words, rolled her eyes.

She had a feeling that she was digging a hole for herself! Noticing Patricia's silence, Zac suddenly uttered, "Since you think I left you hanging before, how about I make it up to you now?"

Patricia immediately got goosebumps after hearing this.

She figured he must have said that on purpose! He was clearly flirting with her! Although she was displeased, and his words stung, she couldn't deny the fact that her heart still fluttered a bit.

"Zac, I was talking to you in earnest, so I hope you can take this conversation seriously. Don't forget that we are divorced!"

Actually, what she wanted to say was that they no longer had any connection with each other.

She was simply reminding him of their marital status and the fact that she was now his ex-wife.

Hearing her admonition annoyed Zac to no end.

Yes, she had signed the divorce agreement, but their divorce wasn't finalized yet! Was she in such a rush to put an end to their relationship? Usually, women were chasing him to commit to relationships with them, all of whom he'd turned down.

It was only Patricia, whom he'd had a relationship with, who was trying her best to be rid of him! Could it be that he had lost his charm? Thinking of that, Zac unconsciously touched his handsome face before awkwardly removing his hand.

He was confident in his own attractive appearance, so he wholeheartedly believed that Patricia's reason for leaving him was to find herself a new husband.

Zac's mood darkened, and he started sulking at the mere thought of this prospect.

"Well, as you wish, I won't prevent you from finding a new husband! But you have to tell me who the father of that baby was," shouted Zac.

At this point, he was standing and red in the face.

"The baby?" Patricia whispered.

Since he thought the baby didn't belong to him, why did he persist on such a topic? Zac remained silent as he waited for her to answer.

His sharp gaze pierced her, and he tried to see through her from her expression.

If there was even the slightest change in her expression that made him feel something was wrong, he would have thought that what she had said in her sleep was false and was told on purpose to make him feel guilty! And if that was the case, she was too deceitful! Tears welled up in Patricia's eyes.

She had suffered a significant loss after losing her baby.

But Zac kept touching her sore spot by mentioning it time and again.

And every single time, she would be overwhelmed with sorrow.

“Why aren’t you answering me? Who was the father of that baby?” Zac repeated his question.

His sharp eyes were glued to her as he eagerly tried to figure out what she was thinking.

‘Is it so difficult to admit that the baby is mine? Am I that horrible of a person? I just don’t want to be cuckolded.’ He needed to understand the source of his anger.

Zac’s retorts sent her mood spiraling into depression.

Out of nowhere, she raised her head and replied to him, all her distress masked on her face.

“The baby wasn’t yours. It had nothing to do with you. Are you satisfied now?”

Taken aback, Zac could only stare at her serious expression.

It made him believe what she’d just said about the baby not being his! In that case, it was meaningless for him to continue as he was.

He decided not to care about such a shameless woman any longer.

“Patricia, I really underestimated you. I didn’t expect you to be so brazen, even though you are quite beautiful, I expected better. You really disgust me!”

Zac said this adamantly, wearing a look of revulsion on his face.

Patricia felt her heartache as she took in Zac’s sour look and expression.

She reached out to hold her chest and sat on the edge of the bed, trembling.

She had guessed this would be his response, but why was she still so dejected by it? Seeing Patricia sit on the edge of the bed, trembling all over, Zac didn’t believe it was because she was heartbroken.

And in his eyes, she didn’t deserve his sympathy! After staring at her coldly, Zac turned around and walked out of the ward without hesitation.

He didn’t want to stay there for a second longer, nor did he want to see her! Zac left the ward, leaving Patricia crouching on the ground with her hands on her chest.

She began sobbing in a low voice.

After a long time, the ward door was pushed open again.

Raising her head in alarm, Patricia looked towards the door.

Seeing that it was the nurse who had come in made her breathe a sigh of relief.

She was afraid to have Zac return because she no longer had any energy to deal with him.

Now she was in considerable anguish.

“Miss Su, why are you squatting on the ground? You need to quickly get up!”

From the moment the nurse entered the room and saw Patricia squatting on the ground, she put the tray with medicine on the table, walked to her, and helped her up.

With the help of the nurse, Patricia stood up from the ground and slowly lay down on the bed.

She then closed her eyes.

She didn't want others, even people she didn't know, to see her frailty, especially when she cried.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 37

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)

Seeing Patricia shut her eyes without uttering a word, the nurse simply figured she must have been too exhausted to make small talk.

Placing her medicine on the table beside her, she exclaimed, “Miss Sampson, Mr.Reynolds is really sweet on you! He was fraught with worry that no one would be looking after you, so as he was leaving just now, he instructed us to take good care of you! Is he very busy with his work?”

When Patricia didn't reply to her question, she just scoffed and added, “Miss Sampson, I have placed the medicine on the table for you.Do remember to take it later.This medicine can only be taken at night, and it will aid you in sleeping.Mr.Reynolds informed us that you didn't sleep well last night, so he had asked the doctor to prescribe you something.You must remember to take it!”

The nurse left after her little speech.

“Bang!”

After hearing the door close with a slam, Patricia opened her eyes slowly, but not before she burst into tears.

At that moment, she didn't want to think about the meaning behind the nurse's words, nor did she want to figure out how Zac had known she hadn't slept well the previous night.

And even if she knew, she wouldn't speculate too much on it.

Sobbing, Patricia lifted the quilt and pulled it over her head.

She endured another sleepless night.

She got up early the following morning, intending to return to the Sampson family.

To her surprise, as soon as she'd gotten up from the bed, in walked Giselle.

"Patricia, my poor daughter...What happened to you?"

The moment Giselle had pushed the door open, she had seen the gauze wrapped around Patricia's head.

Seeing this saddened her, so she went and hugged her daughter while bursting into tears.

"Mom, don't worry about me. I'm fine!"

Patricia patted Giselle on her back, trying to comfort her. "Patricia, tell me. Are you really feeling better? I can't believe Sullivan was such a bastard! How could they do this to you?"

Through her tears, Giselle reached out to touch Patricia's forehead.

But she withdrew her trembling hand just before she could touch it, and covering her face instead, she continued crying.

Patricia tried to distract her weeping mother by saying, And even if she knew, she wouldn't speculate too much on it.

Sobbing, Patricia lifted the quilt and pulled it over her head.

She endured another sleepless night.

She got up early the following morning, intending to return to the Sampson family.

To her surprise, as soon as she'd gotten up from the bed, in walked Giselle.

“Patricia, my poor daughter...What happened to you?”

The moment Giselle had pushed the door open, she had seen the gauze wrapped around Patricia’s head.

Seeing this saddened her, so she went and hugged her daughter while bursting into tears.

“Mom, don’t worry about me.I’m fine!”

Patricia patted Giselle on her back, trying to comfort her.

“Patricia, tell me.Are you really feeling better? I can’t believe Sullivan was such a bastard! How could they do this to you?”

Through her tears, Giselle reached out to touch Patricia’s forehead.

But she withdrew her trembling hand just before she could touch it, and covering her face instead, she continued crying.

Patricia tried to distract her weeping mother by saying, “Mother, since you’re here, can you go and buy me some food? I haven’t had breakfast yet, and I’m so hungry!”

As she spoke, she gently shook Giselle’s arm and gave her a sincere smile.

“Oh, right! How foolish of me.I just rushed straight over after Zac’s call.I completely forgot to buy you breakfast on the way here.Wait a few minutes.I’ll go get you something to eat now.”

After hearing Patricia’s request, Giselle wiped away her tears, picked up her purse, and strode out of the ward, searching for food for her daughter.

“Finally!”

Patricia sighed deeply as she watched her mother exit the ward.

Her presence here meant that Zac had broken his promise to keep quiet about this incident and not notify Giselle.

But he was aware of the fact that Patricia didn’t want Giselle involved since she hadn’t wanted her mother to be worried about her.

This led her to believe that Zac had done this on purpose, simply to spite her.

Now that Giselle was here to take care of Patricia, she was soon discharged from the hospital.

Before she left the hospital, Giselle had rented a two- bedroom apartment for their use.

She had moved all of Patricia's belongings out of the Sampson family and into this apartment.

This meant that immediately after her discharge, she could move into the new residence one time.

As soon as they arrived at the apartment, Patricia received a phone call.

"Do you recognize my voice, Patricia?"

A familiar voice came from the other end of the line.

Patricia didn't know how to react when she heard that voice.

After the initial shock she received wore off, she replied with a "Hello, boss."

"Patricia, if possible, I hope you can come back to work! Your salary will remain the same!" came the voice of the Veyron Corp.'s president on the other end of the line.

"But why?" Patricia was still skeptical.

She couldn't understand how the same person who had driven her out could come back and ask her to return after a few mere days.

Something must have happened to prompt this.

"Patricia, you have worked in my company since you graduated. I know what kind of person you are! I told you before that I didn't want you to resign. I only intended to let you rest for a few days while this matter blew over before your return. And now that the matter's been resolved, you can come back to the company. We need your talent here!"

The president of the Veyron Corp spoke sincerely when he relayed this.

Although she couldn't see him at the moment, she knew that he was telling the truth.

She was aware that, in fact, the president had valued her all these years! Giselle stood nearby silently.

Although she wasn't aware of who was on the other end of the line, she would accept any decision her daughter made.

"Okay! But I'm not in the best of health right now. I'll need some more time to recover before coming back out to work..."

Although she was not face-to-face with the president, she acted like he was in front of her, nodding earnestly and explaining the situation to him.

"It doesn't matter. You can come back after you've fully recovered. I will keep your position for you,"

the president announced before Patricia could finish her explanation.

"Thank you!"

Patricia said gratefully.

After hanging up the phone, Patricia turned to Giselle and remarked, "Mother, that was the president. He wants me to continue working with them!"

Giselle got upset after hearing Patricia's indifference to the situation.

She knew her daughter meant well and didn't want her to be worried.

After all, Patricia had always been like this.

She always wanted to fight her battles alone, no matter what she was faced with.

"This is your decision to make."

Giselle choked back her sobs.

After that, she turned around and headed for the kitchen.

She planned on making some soup for Patricia, who was still weak and recovering.

In the blink of an eye, a month had already gone by.

During that period, Zac rarely came over to see Patricia.

And although Patricia felt a little uncomfortable from time to time, she had a good time with Giselle by her side.

One day, Patricia got up early in the morning.

She donned her work clothes and applied light makeup to her face.

Then she picked up her bag, put on a pair of high-heeled shoes, and went out.

Yesterday, she had told Giselle that she needn't come over to the apartment today since she had to go to work.

In the Veyron Corp., the president of the company, who was seated in his office, looked up and exclaimed with concern, "Patricia, you're back! Are you feeling better now?"

"Thanks for your concern. I'm much healthier now!"

Patricia answered with a smile, sitting opposite the president.

"Then can I trouble you to take over a project?" the president asked worriedly.

Although she knew that the president was concerned, Patricia had no idea what he was distressed about.

Was he worried about her health or the project?

"I'm fine now. If you need anything done, just tell me!"

Patricia said earnestly.

"Okay, you can go back first. I'll ask my secretary to send the document to you later!"

the president replied and stared at Patricia in admiration.

"Then I'll go back first!"

On her way back to her office, Patricia kept thinking about what kind of project the president wanted her to complete.

"Miss Sampson!"

Lily, who was the first one to see her, greeted her in surprise.

Then a hint of worry appeared in her eyes.

Hearing Lily's voice, Patricia looked up.

Seeing her concern written all over her face, Patricia said, "Lily, accompany me to my office!"

Lily nodded and followed Patricia into her office.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 38

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)

Patricia sat down and examined the furnishings in her office.

As the president of the Veyron Corp.

said, everything had remained just as she'd left it, and he'd reserved her place for her.

But deep down, she couldn't shake off the feeling that her return to the office was as simple as it seemed.

"Miss Sampson, I knew you would come back, but..."

Lily seemed to have something to say, but she was holding herself back.

Patricia pointed to the chair opposite her and motioned for Lily to sit down.

Lily sat down obediently, her concern etched all over her face.

"Lily, what exactly happened? You can tell me!"

Patricia stated firmly.

She had an inkling that something was going on behind the scenes as to why the president had asked her to come back.

"Miss Sampson!"

Lily called out to her, then looked at the door of the office nervously.

Pleased that they were alone, she asked, "Miss Sampson, do you still remember the project between the Reynolds Group and our company?"

"Yes, I do. Why? What's wrong?"

With her beautiful eyebrows knitted tightly, a hint of displeasure flashed across her face at the thought of being scammed by the president.

"Some time ago, for unknown reasons, the Reynolds Group suddenly pulled their investment from the project! The president sent several groups of people to settle this issue, but they all failed. So, he's been anxious about this for the past couple of days."

Lily said this in a low voice and looked in the direction of the door again, fearful someone might overhear their conversation.

"Oh, I see..."

Patricia replied indifferently.

At the back of her mind, she contemplated what could have suddenly brought this on from the Reynolds Group.

In her opinion, there must be a valid reason for their actions.

She just couldn't figure out what that reason was because the cooperation between their company and the Reynolds Group had been going quite well.

So, why would this happen so unexpectedly? Lily read into the confusion written on Patricia's face.

She began to fill Patricia in on some inside scoops that she was unaware of.

"I strongly believe that the reason the president invited you back was in the hopes that you could personally clear up this issue for him."

Even without Lily saying this, Patricia completely understood why the president had requested her return to the company.

Feeling her heart squeeze, she had to wonder if she was really so powerful! 'The president really thinks too highly of me!' When Patricia didn't give any response to what was just said, Lily asked worriedly, "Miss Sampson, are you okay?"

Hearing Lily's voice again brought her back to her senses.

Looking at the concerned Lily, she smiled and said, "I'm fine. Don't worry. Thank you, Lily!"

"Well, Miss Sampson, I'll go out first!"

Lily said, beaming with relief after hearing Patricia's words.

"I'll leave you to your work now!"

With a smile at the corners of her mouth, Patricia nodded.

Lily then left the office.

Patricia was pondering about the project between the Reynolds Group and her company again.

However, after thinking about it for a long time, she still couldn't figure out why they would suddenly defund the project.

She couldn't imagine that Zac would pull the plug simply because of her.

Knock! Knock! Knock! The knock on the door pulled her back to reality.

"Come in, please!"

Patricia said in a loud voice after she smoothed her hair and straightened her back.

The door opened, and Jayson Lawrence, the president's secretary, walked right in.

"Miss Sampson, the president asked me to bring this to you!" said Jayson, handing the documents he was holding over to Patricia.

"What's this?"

Glancing at the documents on the table, she didn't open them immediately.

Instead, she turned to Jayson, waiting for his answer.

"This is the business plan and the signed contract for the project between the Reynolds Group and our company!" Jayson replied swiftly and nonchalantly.

"Wasn't that plan going well? Also, isn't the project department in charge of this plan?"

Patricia continued to question him, her eyes probing him for a response.

"Miss Sampson, the Reynolds Group suddenly pulled the investment from the project some time ago when the project was at its most critical junction! So, the sudden defunding of the Reynolds Group has caused the project to come to a halt!"

Jayson didn't want to explain too much to her, but Patricia was shrewd.

She was prying the information out of him.

"Why? Why would they pull their investment back without giving a reason? Besides, even if they want to defund the project, we have a signed contract of agreement. What is there to be afraid of? If the worst outcome happens, we can still take them to court. What's the use of sending the project to me?"

With a baffled look, Patricia put her hand on the documents.

Seeing this, Jayson thought that Patricia would read through the project plan and contract, so he became secretly pleased.

As long as she was willing to read it, she would take over the case.

But to his dismay, she didn't do as he'd hoped.

Patricia dashed Jayson's hopes of her taking over the project when she pushed the documents towards him, saying, "You should send these over to the project department, not here!"

"Miss Sampson, don't you understand? You're the only one who can resolve this situation!" Jayson pleaded.

He was put in a bind and couldn't finish what he wanted to say.

He was aware of Patricia and Zac's divorce.

Moreover, she had been out sick for a long time after that incident.

Now, with the company asking her to handle this case, which involved her ex-husband, it was like rubbing salt in her wounds.

Wasn't it? It had gone too far! And although he disliked having to do this, he still conveyed the president's intention clearly!

"So, what? Jayson, just say it!" Patricia pressed.

Actually, Jayson had already made his motives clear to her, but she still had to hear him say that the president wanted her to handle the case.

She was not the kind of person to be easily fooled.

"Miss Sampson, I don't want to hide anything from you. The president asked you to come back for two reasons – your talent and to assist in this case! Over the past few days, the president had tried multiple times to solve this matter and even sent quite a bit of our employees over, but to no avail. More importantly, the Reynolds Group is hell-bent on not changing their mind!" Jayson sighed.

"What on earth do they have on us that makes them act so haughtily?"

Patricia asked, her eyes alert and calculating.

It was this sharp gaze that amazed Jayson.

Now, he finally understood why the president thought so highly of her! She must have some quality about her that the others didn't possess.

"There were some flaws in our project, but they were deliberately concealed by the construction workers. If it weren't for the fact that the Reynolds Group had noticed it, there is a strong possibility that we wouldn't have been made aware of it, even after the project's completion!"

Jayson said helplessly as he shook his head.

Speaking of this made him furious.

It was a small problem.

Had it been resolved in time after it was noticed, there wouldn't have been so much trouble now.

And then the president wouldn't be venting his anger on him, who was not to blame at all for this mishap.

Thinking of what he had suffered recently, he couldn't help but feel wronged! It was not him who had made a mistake.

So, why was he the one being blamed? Thinking of the events that happened today and recently, he wondered why unfortunate things kept happening to him!

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 39

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)

Moments before, Patricia had been to the president's office, yet he chose not to tell her about the matter at hand.

Instead, he asked Jayson to carry the documents to her and notify her of what was happening.

Obviously, the president wanted to stay out of the line of fire and made Jayson the scapegoat.

The company belonged to the president, but he didn't want to hurt anyone himself.

Instead, he made Jayson take on the role of 'bad guy' to deliver any unpleasant news to the employees.

The more Jayson thought about this, the angrier he felt! And although he felt enraged inside, he remained rational and relayed everything the president had told him.

Whether she would assist with this matter or not was on her.

This had nothing to do with him!

"So, according to what you've said, our company indeed has an inescapable responsibility for what happened this time. Thus, it's reasonable that the Reynolds Group pulled their investment from this project. Did the Reynolds Group negotiate with our company on the project before defunding it?"

Patricia asked, a frown forming on her brow while she thought.

Although she didn't want to get involved in this matter, she couldn't sit on the sidelines and watch as a long standing employee who cared about the company.

Not when the company was in trouble.

However, that didn't mean she had any intentions of going the extra mile to assist them.

If she was asked to use her personal relationship to make Zac change his mind, she would have to refuse them.

As Jayson listened to her, he thought there might just be a turning point after all.

Besides, not only was she the savior of the company, but she was also his savior.

Once she was willing to help, the incident would have nothing to do with him any more.

At least the president wouldn't put the blame on him for this! Excited by the prospect that she might have a way out, Jayson sat up straight in his chair and replied, "No, when the Reynolds Group discovered the problem, they immediately cut off the money without even contacting us. It took us two days to realize what they had done!"

Patricia felt a glimmer of hope when she heard the answer.

But her brows knotted as she said, "It's his typical way of doing things!"

Jayson had no idea what Patricia had on her mind.

His only option was to sit quietly and wait to see where her train of thoughts was headed.

"Two days? Why did it take so long for us to find this? Didn't the people of our accounting department notice something awry after it happened?"

Patricia questioned.

Even if there was a slim chance that this matter could be resolved, if they didn't learn from their mistakes this time around, then they could encounter the same problems in the future.

And by then, there may be no changing the outcome.

"Indeed, the president had this matter investigated and found out that the director of the accounting department, Ronan Bristol, had not been in the company for several days during that point in time. So, naturally, a slip like this occurred," Jayson said helplessly.

Even though that was what he said to Patricia, he was still skeptical about the whole situation.

Even if Ronan wasn't present at the time, other members of the accounting department, like the deputy director, should have caught this sooner.

So, how could they let things develop to such an extent that they missed the best opportunity to negotiate? This could have made the Reynolds Group think that their company didn't care! "What did the president say?"

Patricia asked grimly while rubbing between her eyebrows.

"The president hopes you can negotiate with the Reynolds Group. You don't have to be too forceful. Just try your best, and if nothing changes, then we'll think of another solution."

Jayson repeated the president's words to her.

After relaying the message, he started thinking about what he'd just said, and felt something was wrong with that statement.

So, he continued speaking by saying, "Miss Sampson, truly, it wasn't the president's intention to ask you to negotiate with the Reynolds Group at this time. But given the circumstances, he had no other alternative. After putting 70% of the company's total asset into this project, if we can't get it up and running smoothly again, the company could face bankruptcy at any time."

It was not that she hadn't thought about what Jayson had just said, but given her current relationship with Zac, she wasn't confident that she could be of use to fixing this problem.

If anything, she was afraid of making the situation worse.

'Does the president really think that I can turn the table?' wondered Patricia.

In actuality, this was precisely what the president thought of her.

He was a man, so he knew that Zac would regret it after divorcing Patricia.

He also knew that Patricia might not give Zac a chance to make it up to her, which would only deepen his guilt toward her. Therefore, as long as Patricia was willing to talk to him about this case, Zac would ensure the problem would definitely be solved as well.

"Jayson, please tell the president that I will negotiate with the Reynolds Group, but don't put all your faith in me. As it stands, my abilities are limited, and there are some things that I can't change even if I give it my best shot."

Patricia said this in a low voice as she looked directly at Jayson.

“Okay, I will pass on your words to the president. Please rest assured!”

Jayson nodded in affirmation.

He looked a little nervous as if he was afraid that Patricia would change her mind in the next second.

Looking at Jayson’s expression, Patricia unconsciously touched her forehead.

Then in a solemn tone, she said, “Before I negotiate with the Reynolds Group, ask the engineering department to send me the report of the project quality inspection! Remember, I will need the most detailed report!”

“Okay, I’m on it!”

Jayson replied, with great seriousness and expectation in his tone.

“You’d also better tell the president to reassign the person in charge of the project to another job and find a person with a better reputation to take over the project temporarily!”

Patricia said after thinking about this for a while.

“The person in charge was transferred from the post immediately after the incident. The person in charge of this project now is the deputy director of the project department, Porter Moron,” Jayson said firmly.

“Okay, you can go back now!”

Patricia nodded as a sign of concluding their discussion and looked down at the documents in her hand.

After looking over two pages, Patricia raised her eyes slightly and found that Jayson was still there.

She raised her eyebrows with displeasure and said, “Jayson, shouldn’t you be going back to report to the president?”

Ignoring the annoyance in her tone, Jayson asked deliberately, “Miss Sampson, do you have any other orders?”

“Orders?”

Patricia repeated.

Thinking about the meaning behind Jayson’s words, Patricia said with a grin, “Jayson, you are one of the most influential people around the president. How dare I give you any orders? If you make things difficult for me because I bossed you around, it will become troublesome for me!”

Jayson was a little embarrassed by her teasing and he blushed.

Balling his hand into a fist, he covered his mouth and feigned a cough.

“Miss Sampson, don’t make fun of me! If there is nothing else, then I’ll head back first!”

After saying his piece, Jayson stood up and hurriedly exited.

More precisely, it was like he had fled the scene like a gust of wind.

A burst of laughter could be heard coming from Patricia’s office.

As she watched Jayson scurry along, the smile forming at the corners of her lips grew.

She always had the impression that Jayson was a rigid man, so it took her by surprise to realize that it was just a mask he wore to hide his true self.

Who knew he could be so cute! Unlike Patricia, Jayson was anything but happy.

When he heard her laughter and recalled what she had just said to him, he blushed even more.

He wished the floor would open up and swallow him whole.

She laughed heartily.

She let the distress and pain that had been haunting her for the past few days go with her laughter, so she felt much better now.

Lowering her head once again, she continued to pore over the documents in front of her.

She needed to understand everything written in the agreements first before she could even think about negotiating with the Reynolds Group.

This way, she could use the contract to her advantage and perhaps even think up a better solution to their problems.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 40

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)

All successful businesses should be based on the idea of a win-win scenario.

Only when people maximize the benefits of each other could they reach a consensus on the final cooperation.

And the reason why Reynolds Group was willing to cooperate with the Veyron Corp.

was that they believed that both companies could benefit from this project.

Thus, Patricia thought that without having obtained any benefits, the Reynolds Group wouldn't easily give up the project that would bring them huge profits unless they had another objective.

But what on earth did they want? She couldn't figure it out.

She had to admit that the reform plans mentioned in the project were unique and original.

In other words, if this project was successful, with the influence gained from it and the strong support of the Reynolds Group, the Veyron Corp.

would be able to make rapid progress and would soon claim a place in the whole of China for itself.

Just as Patricia's thoughts were becoming muddled, Jayson rushed in again.

Raising her head, she saw Jayson return, red in the face.

This made her recall his embarrassed expression when he ran out not moments earlier.

With a smug look on her face, she smiled and said, "Jayson, what brings you back here? And why is your face so red? Were you kissed by a girl? And if so, you should be the one rejoicing!"

Her words made Jayson even more embarrassed.

His face was becoming more flushed by the second.

The corners of his mouth twitched.

He rolled his eyes and wondered what prompted her to say that.

He was a tall and sturdy man, after all.

It sounded weird when she described him as such.

She even said that he was kissed by a girl! Did he look like a playboy? Patricia fixed her bright and beautiful eyes on Jayson.

Jayson kept silent, perhaps because he was shy or because he was nervous.

Seeing Jayson like this made Patricia feel like a bad person for teasing him.

She was almost thirty years old, but here she was, flirting with a young man.

If Zac discovered this, he would be very furious! Shaking her head, she put aside all things related to Zac and thought she was useless and silly.

How could she think of that bastard? It must have been because she was given this project related to the Reynolds Group.

Patricia looked at Jayson, but she was so lost in thought that she didn't pay him any attention.

Noticing Patricia's absent-mindedness, Jayson said, "I forgot one thing just now. The president said that everyone in the company is at your disposal. You don't need to ask for his permission to utilize them."

After hearing what Jayson said, Patricia snapped back to reality.

Focusing on Jayson, she smiled.

When Jayson noticed her gaze upon him, he couldn't help but blush even more.

"Miss Sampson, why are you looking at me like that? Is there dust on my face?"

Jayson asked in confusion, touching his handsome face.

Patricia shook her head but kept beaming as she looked upon Jayson.

Ignoring his question, she asked one of her own.

"Did the president really say that I can order anyone to do my bidding?"

Jayson nodded swiftly.

"Yes!"

"Are you sure?"

Patricia asked again.

"Yes, I'm sure!"

Jayson nodded again, this time with a more sincere attitude.

"Well, in that case, I want you to work for me!"

Patricia said, pointing at Jayson before continuing to peruse the documents in front of her.

“Me?”

Jayson pointed at himself with disbelief in his eyes.

Patricia, busy with her reading, ignored his question.

Noticing this, Jayson simply nodded and murmured, “Okay!”

“If you are unwilling to work with me, feel free to go and tell the president!”

Patricia said provocatively as she glanced at Jayson.

“I have no objection to it,”

Jayson responded, rubbing his nose.

He refused to talk to the president about this lest he be scolded.

He wasn't looking for trouble.

Besides, the president was relying on Patricia to help them out of this sticky situation.

So, as a secretary, how dare he object to her wishes? “Well, since you have no problem with this, you can start by contacting Zac's secretary and telling her that I want to invite Zac to dinner.”

Patricia calmly said, head down while she mulled over the documents in front of her.

“Okay, I'll go and do that now!”

Jayson responded and then exited her office.

It seemed that Patricia had moved on since the divorce.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have been able to act so naturally.

So, it seemed like the president had made the right choice.

Patricia was undoubtedly the only person who could handle this matter.

A few minutes later, Jayson returned to Patricia's office and stated with a worried look, “Miss Sampson, I've contacted Mr.Reynolds's secretary, but I was told that Mr.Reynolds is busy!”

When he'd made the call, he'd heard Zac's voice in the background, but the secretary insisted that Zac was not in the company.

Nowadays, it was really hard to ask others for help! "Okay, I understand!"

Patricia uttered without looking at Jayson.

"Miss Sampson, what should we do?"

Jayson stood to the side as he didn't know what to do.

He didn't know what the president would think if he found this out.

Maybe he'd be fired in a matter of days! "Tell him that if he is an upstanding man, he should come out and meet me. Of course, if he is a coward and doesn't dare to have dinner with a woman, I will not force him!"

Patricia said, raising her eyes and seeing Jayson standing there uneasily.

When Jayson heard her words, he was so surprised that his eyes almost popped out of his head.

'Does Miss Sampson expect me to talk to Zac in such a fashion? Can I really say that? If I say that, then Mr. Reynolds would be extremely furious!' "Is there anything else?"

Noticing that Jayson had no intention of leaving, Patricia looked up at him and raised her eyebrows.

"Miss Sampson, how should I convey what you've just said to Mr. Reynolds's secretary?" Jayson asked worriedly.

"Tell her my exact words!"

After saying that, Patricia lowered her head again and continued reading the documents.

The corners of Jayson's mouth twitched.

He gave a silent thumbs-up to Patricia, turned around, and left.

Ten minutes later, Jayson entered Patricia's office again! "Miss Sampson, Mr. Reynolds has agreed to have dinner with you. Seven o'clock tonight, at the Glory Hotel!"

When Jayson said that, his eyes were shining with excitement and admiration.

"Okay. Got it! You'll be going with me tonight!"

Patricia replied and continued scanning the papers in her hands.

“Miss Sampson...”

Hearing her words, Jayson was a little surprised but thought it seemed reasonable like a request, so he stopped speaking.

‘It is indeed not appropriate for Miss Sampson to attend the appointment alone.

Although Mr.Reynolds is her ex-husband, as her temporary subordinate, I should show more consideration toward her.’ “Did you have anything else to say?”

Patricia asked in confusion, casting a glance at Jayson.

“No.Nothing else!” Jayson shook his head.

“I’ll go out now!”